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THE SCOOP

VOL. VI. NO. 12.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1915.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



A • MAGAZINE
ISSUED • EVERY
SATURDAY • BY
THE PRESS • CLUB
OF CHICAGO • 26
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WRITTEN BY THE ACTIVE MEMBERS OF THE
PRESS CLUB COMPRISING THE NEWSPAPER MEN
AND OTHER PROFESSIONAL WRITERS OF CHICAGO

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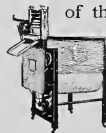
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by the wife who has
the weekly family
washing done in a



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Here is the picture of the pedigreed calf that Swift & Company sent over to the barn dance.

She seems uninterested, but look at the crowd that gathered to see her unloaded from the palace crate at the door of the most intellectual Club

in this or any other town. Then here you see the fine cartoon drawn by



staff. The Club through its entertainment committee, desires to extend

sincere thanks to Swift & Company for their cheerful co-operation and their general good will. The success of the whole affair would not have been possible

without their generous help. As much may be said also for Crane



Mark Hayne, signifying the spirit of the back to the farm barn dance, the

biggest time we have ever had. Then below, have a look at the most perfect gentleman of a little horse that ever came up these stairs. He is shown in the act of leaving the elevator on

the sixth floor, in charge of his friend, Fred Fuller, of the Swift Company's

& Company, whose loan of harness and other accessories completed the

decorations. Mr. Seaman, manager for Rudolph Wurplitzer & Company, 329 Wabash Avenue, also contributed handsomely to the fun by loaning the instruments used by



the Doggone Silver Cornet Band. That band was the grandest riot yet.

A Week From Tonight
on the
Evening of Saturday, March 27th
the Club will listen to

A CONCERT

Under the direction of
JOHN LORING COOK



JOHN LORING COOK

The program will be printed in THE SCOOP of that date.

The music will be furnished by The Lyric Club of Chicago, fifteen voices, all ladies; The Opera Club of Chicago, twenty-five voices, mixed; Warren Proctor, solo tenor; Luella Smith, solo soprano; Irene Sage, soprano; and Emelinda Makeel, solo contralto.

This will be the first concert evening the Club has had these many years. Formal dress if you prefer—or come as you are.

After the program there will be an informal reception of guests, and after the reception a dance.

THE OPERA CLUB WILL SING IN FULL
THE MUSIC OF CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA

THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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Chicago, Ill., March 20, 1915.

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Publication office, 26 North Dearborn street. Telephone Randolph 2956.

WILLIAM D. EATON.....EDITOR

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THE SCOOP AND JOSEPH CONRAD.

The day has gone for repeating and getting by with such an exploit as Little Buttercup carried through when she "mixed those babies up—and not a creature knew it." THE SCOOP made a mixup last week. It killed off Joseph Conrad, who is very much alive, thank you, and spared Frank T. Bullen, who died early in the month. Bullen wrote *The Cruise of The Cachelot* a long time ago, and that book was mentioned. How the innocent bystander got the obituary is of no consequence, but the call down THE SCOOP got on the break was worth the break itself many times over. First came Walter A. Washburne, night city editor of *The Herald*, a widely read and easily pained man. Said he:

"Unless I am very much wrong, *The Cruise of The Cachelot* was written by Frank Bullen. It certainly was not written by Conrad. Are you certain Conrad is dead? No one else appears to have heard of it."

No one else had, not even Mr. Conrad. The reference to *The Cruise of The Cachelot* is justly cited as an error, incidental to any consideration of Mr. Conrad. But the major error lay in that upon the occasion of Bullen's demise Mr. Conrad was shown where he got off. All there is to say about it is that if you are out to make a bull at all, it is best to make a good big one, and then join your friends in kicking yourself for running him in among the chinaware.

Trailing Mr. Washburne came W. F. Young, Chicago

manager of the Sanborn publishing concern: "So far as known," says Mr. Young, "Joseph Conrad is still alive and still writing, while Frank Bullen is dead in Madeira. Also, Frank Bullen is the man who wrote *The Cruise of The Cachelot*. Maybe Bullen wrote *A Set of Six*, I do not know. The last Joseph Conrad book I know anything about is *Chance*. And if you have not read it, don't miss an opportunity to do so. It is great stuff."

That was rubbing it in a bit; but now read this:

"GARDEN CITY, N. Y., March 11, 1915.—EDITOR OF THE SCOOP:—Being a really truly died in the wool constant reader of THE SCOOP, I naturally came across the item on page 230 in your issue of March 6 in regard to Joseph Conrad. The item mentioned the news of his death at Madeira and also credited him with having written *The Cruise of The Cachelot*. May I point out to you that Joseph Conrad is still living and that he is not the author of *The Cruise of The Cachelot*? The person who wrote the item evidently got the names of Joseph Conrad and Frank T. Bullen mixed. Bullen was the author of *The Cruise of The Cachelot* and died at Madeira on March 1. He is also the author of a great many other books of the sea.

"I enclose herewith a little booklet about Joseph Conrad together with a list of his books, most of which are now published by Doubleday Page & Co. Mr. Conrad is now hale and hearty and living at home in England.

"Also, let me thank you for the very interesting mention in the same issue of THE SCOOP of Harry Leon Wilson's story, *Ruggles of Red Gap*. We are to publish that in book form on March 26, and should be glad to send you an editorial copy. Yours sincerely,

"DOUBLEDAY PAGE & CO.,

"H. E. MAUL."

THE SCOOP would trot out another bull to get another set of letters like these. Apologize? Why? Can anyone think of an apology that would get anywhere over such a traverse of fact? Not likely. It is

better to brazen the thing out, and take glory in its shame.

Which disposes of that part of the case. The other presents itself as a renewed interest in Conrad, his life and his writings. The little booklet mentioned by Mr. Maul is highly interesting reading. It opens by telling how Conrad (his name really is Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski) wrote his first book. Because every reader of *THE SCOOP* will appreciate it, and because it is told nowhere else, here it follows:

"One evening in 1893 or thereabouts the chief mate of the sailing ship *Torrens* out of London and bound for Australia was chatting in his cabin with a young Cambridge man named Jacques. They talked for a long while about Gibbon's history. On a sudden impulse the sailor asked 'Would it bore you very much reading a manuscript in a handwriting like mine?' Jacques said it would not and when the mate had told him that it was a story as yet unfinished, he took it, folded it lengthwise and put it in the breast pocket of his coat. It was a rough night.

"Next day, in the first dog-watch, Jacques returned to the cabin. He gave back the manuscript without a single word. Answering the officer's questions he said that the tale was decidedly worth finishing, that it had interested him very much, that the story was perfectly clear to him as it stood. They never spoke again of that manuscript. Bad weather came and the mate was busy. Jacques caught a fatal cold and died not long after he left the *Torrens*.

"That officer was Joseph Conrad; the manuscript was *Almayer's Folly*, the very first thing he ever wrote, and Jacques was his very first reader.

"Some years before, from the bridge of a steamer moored to a rickety little wharf forty miles up a Bornean river, Mr. Conrad first saw the man Almayer, who asked him to dinner. They got to know each other pretty well.

"Years later Mr. Conrad took a holiday on land. He was bored as an active man usually is when he has nothing to do, and his mornings were particularly heavy. And so, in the front sitting room of his furnished apartments in Pimlico Square, Almayer came nobly to the rescue. Day after day—with no vision whatever of a printed page before him—Mr. Conrad set down on paper his Arabs, Malays, half-castes and white men. And so—unconsciously, he began his literary life.

"In 1891 Mr. Conrad was in the Belgian Congo. The first seven chapters of *Almayer's Folly*, a manuscript

of many adventures, were with him—as they always were—so that he could write a little now and then in a purely desultory fashion. He came out of the tropical forest more dead than alive, too ill to care much which, and he came without baggage of far greater immediate importance than his manuscript. A long illness followed and chapter VIII was completed as he convalesced in the hydropathic establishment of Champein in Geneva.

"When the first words of chapter IX were written Mr. Conrad made a trip to Poland. The manuscript was with him—in his Gladstone bag. One morning early, as he was sleepily changing trains, he left this bag in the refreshment room of the Friedrichstrasse railway station in Berlin. Luckily a porter brought it after him.

"Then back to England and between the details of managing a waterside warehouse the events of chapter IX were set down.

"And still no end. *Almayer's Folly* went to sea with its author for the next three years. The tenth chapter was begun aboard the two thousand ton steamer *Adowa* as she lay frozen fast in the river in the midst of Rouen, and continued between interruptions by the third officer—a cheerful youth with a banjo—who, as Mr. Conrad once remarked, has remained the only banjoist of his acquaintance.

"And so, line by line *Almayer's Folly* grew, until in 1894, five years after Mr. Conrad had begun it, it was complete. The following year it was published. Had any book ever so strange a history? Commenced in a holiday spirit, continued whenever and wherever opportunity offered, it had gone with its creator to all the four corners of the earth—the Congo, the East Indies, Poland, England, Switzerland, France. And despite its travels, despite the fact that carefully written out in a delicate hand, it was the only copy in existence, it was never lost!"

PRESS CLUB ADDRESSES.

Many thanks to the Louisville Herald for its review of the speech delivered to the Press Club two weeks ago by Judge Orrin N. Carter of the Illinois supreme court. The address was remarkable for its spirit and tone—in many ways a document valuable both to courts and newspapers. It has been given wide publicity, though few other papers have allowed it as much space as the Louisville one. The compensation to a speaker before this Club is double: He gets himself and his views before the men who may later have to

treat them as news, and whose treatment is likely to be better for that look-in in advance; and where the subject matter is of sufficient scope, newspapers all over the country, THE SCOOP's exchanges, take it up. In direct publicity—that is, in the dailies of this city, such speakers have nothing to expect. The unwritten law which shuts the inside rigidly from the outside of all newspaper offices runs also here. It is in the results herein pointed out the men who favor us are favored in return.

THAT EUGENICS THING.

The International Purity Journal, a publication which concerns itself most alarmingly over eugenics and a whole line of assorted other subjects that do not matter, carried in its February number (just received) a redeeming paper by our Bartow A. Ulrich on Conservation Applied to Children—a matter of state duty. Mr. Ulrich has nothing new to say on this vital topic,

for the ample reason that all there is to say has already and somewhat volubly been set forth by many other people. But his restatement and argument are presented in lucid English and good sequence; which is much more than can honestly be said of most of those who have burst with intercession undesired of the world on a topic that in the run of things is quite certain to take care of itself.

THE ONE LOVABLE TRIANGLE.

To the phenomena of literature there is no end. In the March number of The National Magazine (Boston), Opie Read has an appreciative article about Colonel Visscher; Colonel Visscher has an appreciative article about Opie; and Joe Mitchell Chappel has an appreciative article about Opie and Vissch. Additionally, and saving the March issue from monotony or oversight, there is a piece of verse by Vissch. Three cheers for us!

Boquets for the Living

It has been reported in this house that in his earlier career George Kavanaugh, war correspondent, sold a pair of brass spectacles to a farmer—once.

Joseph Berenson, the poet of the Ghetto, has broken forth with an incredible cravat. It can be heard as far down as the city hall.

Antoinette Donnelly, who writes the answers to queries in The Tribune over the pseudonym Doris Blake, set the tables in a roar at a dinner of the Writers' Guild Monday evening by reading some of the stuff that is sent in to her department for solution. One young man wanted to know whether it was proper for a gentleman to walk outside or inside of a lady going south. She read out maybe fifty letters, every one of them a scream. A well prepared collection of these seriously proposed questions would make a ripping good magazine story.

Bob Maxwell of The Examiner has once more taken up his activities in behalf of the Press Club's entertainment committee. He brought over Foster Ball and Ford West, who played last week at the Palace theater in a skit of his writing. Ball and West will return to Chicago for the week of April 5.

Ray C. Pearson of The Tribune sporting department has returned to work from his vacation. Pearson while in Gotham was the guest of Clare Briggs.

John J. Aleock of The Tribune has gone into spring training. He spends two afternoons a week playing handball.

Fred G. Moloney of The Tribune lost his brother Bill last Saturday. Bill died of heart failure. The brothers won the hurdling championship for the Maroons the whole four years they were in college here at Chicago. The burial took place at Oregon last Tuesday.

Joseph G. Davis and Howard Milton Briceland have been attending the Golf Shop lately, getting the art of putting down fine for the coming season so they will be in the running for the championship of the Press Golf Club.

Michael Leahy, the Postal telegraph operator who is stationed at The Tribune office, has returned to work after a severe illness.

Clinton (Dad) Frankling celebrated his birthday last Wednesday. Dad was born on St. Patrick's day and he always calls himself lucky.

George Kavanaugh did a lot of good publicity work for the Press Club barn dance Saturday last. He is a busy brother in the vineyard.

Ollie Moody helped Fred A. Record, The Tribune's commercial editor, for a few days last week. Mr. Record has been laid up at home with the gripe.

George Morris, The Tribune's school reporter, is on the sick list.

H. Fletcher Parker, the pool expert, will give his daily lessons in the billiard room of the Press Club every morning but Saturday, between the hours of

three and five. One should see the marvelous game Parker plays.

Dave Clarkson helped the entertainment committee mightily last week by loaning his car. Walter Wood drove it into the country and George Kavanaugh went with him. Then Walter held the machine while George foraged the farms for the produce seen last Saturday evening on the walls of the main hall.

Walter Ever Roderick and Col. Perley H. Boone gave the little pill an awful wallop last Tuesday at Jackson Park. Rod. and Perley played eighteen holes of golf and reported that the turf was good and that they will take their exercise on the links regularly after this.

How would you like to be one number shy on winning a hundred dollar bill? That's what has happened to James A. Durkin three Sundays out of the last five. Close doesn't count though.

Frank Wiedenger, an old time Chicago newspaper man who has been in Milwaukee of late years, was back in the city last week.

Harrison L. Beach, former superintendent of the Central Division of the Associated Press, now editor of the San Antonio Light, was here during the week.

Charles Hamlin, managing editor of the Minneapolis Tribune, and known to many Chicagoans, who has been ill for some time, is recovering.

Arthur Kling of the Associated Press is home, sick. He spent several days visiting relatives in Indiana and ate too much. Much too much.

Thomas Healy came back from San Antonio during the week nearly twenty pounds heavier than when he left a couple of months ago. He is going to resume the Saturday night dancing classes. The first lesson will be tonight.

Stanley Hedberg, world's champion Associated Press reader, who has been in the hospital and home for the last six months after his motorcycle was busted by an automobile, will be back at work next week.

To save time in answering the individual inquiries of his friends, Boyden R. Sparkes of the Associated Press announces that Miss Bessie Ledford Sparkes, now in her third week, is progressing splendidly and is quite the most remarkable child recorded in history—Sparkes' history.

Clarence G. Marshall of the Associated Press, who has been on a long leave of absence for his health, returned to work last week, going to the New York office for two weeks, after which he will return to the Central Division and be located in Chicago.

Parke Browne, city hall reporter for The Tribune, celebrated his eleventh year on The Tribune staff last Wednesday. Parke, as he is better known, is the dean of the city hall reporters. On second thought, make it dozen.

John G. Holme, formerly a Chicago newspaper man but now of San Francisco, is a very sick man. He is lying dangerously ill at St. Luke's hospital in that city. Mr. Holme, it will be remembered, was one of the

Club's greatest members while he was connected with the newspapers in Chicago.

Mrs. Pierce Williams (nee Mary Isabel Brush), formerly of the staff of the Chicago Tribune, who was married a short while ago, is in Chicago for a few days visiting old acquaintances. Mrs. Williams is going to keep up her literary work and donate all the money she earns by her pen to some worthy charity of the slums in New York.

James Pratt Bicket, otherwise known as Honest Jim, the city editor of the Chicago American, won an iron cross the other day by enterprisingly sending out a battery of reporters, photographers, and moving picture operators to cover a robbery in advance. Which they did.

H. Spearman Lewis, financial reporter for The American, is taking the waters at West Baden. He averred that on his first day he did two miles on the track before breakfast. Which leads to the question: Why? Was the waiter trying to get away from him?

A Few of the Most Pleasant'st Words That Ever Blotted Paper.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., March 17, 1915.—To the Editor of THE SCOOP:—Having grown somewhat accustomed to turning to the obituary column for news of friends, it helped some to read the current issue of THE SCOOP and find that not all of the good die young.

Twenty years is a long span—but memory vividly recalls Henry Ten Eyck (Butch) White, Eugene Field, George Ade, Bert Kendrick, Will Payne, Amy Leslie, Beachall, Ed Westlake, Will West, Tobin, Batchelor, Schmiedgen (spell it for me), the McCutcheons (John and George), Andy Adair, Jim Madigan, Hanlon and the cashier (God bless her memory) and a host of others on The Daily News of 1892.

Of the living almost every one has made good. Then George Ade was earning fame by Stories of the Streets and of the Town. After that came Artie and the fables and the front seat, Hazeldean and the simple single life.

Will Payne, serious and solemn but mighty human, has given us the fundamentals of business for years, and now he has me buying the Saturday Evening Post just to find out why a plain mutt would want to try out a fire escape at midnight—without adequate excuse. We were all more or less familiar with fire escapes in the old days; but there was a motive then.

From the Whitechapel days of the early nineties to the Press Club days of 1915 the newspaper men of Chicago made history that is not overshadowed anywhere else—no, not even on Park Row.

Big Bill Naughton, A. H. C. Mitchell, Charlie Almy, Paul Sweeney, John Crane, Al Troy, Peter Dunne, Charlie Warner, John Sherman, Bert Leston Taylor, Elwyn Barron, Charlie Nixon, Barnard, Lou Houseman, Jack Hammond, Fred Smith, Ernie Brown, Tom Chivington, Walter Noble Burns, Charlie Seymour,

Charlie Faye, Rogers, Langland, Lawrence, Ed Mathews, Billy Eiten, James O'Donnell Bennett, Herbert Stewart, Billy McKay, Leroy Scott, Booth, Turner, Bullock, Loranee—some dead, and some presidents. Some gave up in the trenches and some are decorated with the badges of success.

From the days of Doctor Cronin and Lentgert to the passing of Carter H., time has recorded many deeds in which the above played their part—and played it to the limit. "I will" is written into the story of their lives, and with no discredit to them, their city or its citizens.

Long life to THE SCOOP. Had it not been for Michael Monahan I might not have met up with it. It helped my circulation—so here's a check to help yours.

A. T. MACDONALD.

An Honest Suggestion to Irvin Cobb.

Irvin Cobb left New York a week ago for the Grand Canyon, where he is going to inspect the infinite and take a rest. After that, he will return to Europe and the war trail. That lecture season would seem to have acquired his Angora. He says he prefers the trenches to the one-night stands. THE SCOOP requests that he present this paragraph to Old John Hance at the Canyon as in the nature of a note of introduction. Old John is reputed to be the darndest liar in Arizona, which is unjust, because he has lived at the Canyon ever since the scenery was discovered, has breathed its oxygen until his moral constitution has become permanently inflated, and struggles hourly to get a double foothold on the solid earth of fact. What they call his lies are actually verbal perspirations induced by that struggle. For genuine picturesque evasions of verity Irvin is commended to Pete Berry and John Bass (inquire at the desk in El Tovar), who lived near by, and have gifts. And finally, if properly approached, John may perhaps relate the astonishing story of how he lost his black horse Dan, which will be an excellent accelerator toward those same trenches.

A New Publication in the Membership.

Here come the first issues of a new magazine, Traffic News, published by H. C. Lust & Company. Mr. Lust is a life member of the Press Club and the author of many books dealing with different phases of traffic law.

He controls two publishing houses, The Traffic Law Book Company and the H. C. Lust & Company, which make a specialty of books of interest to those actively engaged in the transportation field, either as traffic managers of industrial concerns or as employees of railways and other carriers.

Their latest venture is this magazine, which is published bi-weekly. It contains all the decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the courts construing the interstate commerce act, and all decisions concerning loss and damage claims. It also reports all information pertaining to the newly organized federal

trade commission. A great many other features are also treated.

At the present time a series of articles is being published on Government Ownership of Railroads. The first issue contained an article by B. F. Yoakum on the subject, and the last two issues an article by Clifford Thorne of Iowa, chairman of the commission.

The publication of Traffic News starts in more auspicious circumstances than most magazines. H. C. Lust & Company have been supplying books to the traffic field for years, and all their books are standard. The books on traffic law, especially, which have been written by Mr. Lust, have been quoted again and again as authoritative by railway commissions and courts all over the country. They predict that with their reputation in back of it Traffic inside of one year will have the largest circulation of any magazine in this field.

Our Victor Herbert's Catholicity in Music.

The music critic of The New York Press pays this compliment to one of the Press Club's favorite and most famous members:

"Victor Herbert's The Debutante is still another Schirmer publication of the last month. The wonder grows with every score that this busiest composer in the world puts forth, how he keeps his font of melody flowing so continually with undiminished volume and excellence. His music at its best has the elements of dual appeal—to the popular ear that wants tune, and to the cultivated musician who demands melodic charm, workmanship and individuality. The Debutante is in Herbert's best vein."

THE HOTCHPOTCH OF HUMOR.

BY ADDISON F. ANDREWS.

I sing of numerous humorous things:

The pride of men, and the pomp of kings;

The super-dreadnaughts—that wars may cease!

The advent of universal peace;

The statesman whose tipple is unfermented,

The others, with every old drink contented;

The Mexican-Villa-Carranza corral,

The great Panama Canal cabal;

The craze for the light fantastic toe,

Likewise for the moving picture show;

The wondrous creations that women wear,

The spilt skirt provoking many a stare;

The dude with his hat on the back of his head,

The couple eugenically wed,

The poetry—alleged—in the magazines,

The poker player who held five queens;

The weirdness of Kipling and Bernard Shaw,

The original joke on the mother-in-law,

The political Progressive schism,

The recent advance of feminism;

In fact, facetiousness never will lag,

If nature has made you a bit of a wag.

New York, March, 1915.

Ringgold Lardner "In the Wake of the News"

By HARVEY T. WOODRUFF

Born March 6, 1885, at Niles, Michigan. Height, 6 ft. 2½ in. Light heavyweight. Reach, 75 in. Chest, 42 in. (expanded 46 in.). Head, 7¾ (no expansion). White. Nationality, American. Home, Riverside, Illinois.

Record—22 jobs. Fired, 5. Bat. av., .772.

Family—Wife, and John Abbott, 2 years 10 months, and James Phillips, 10 months.

Ring W. Lardner, whose *In the Wake of the News* column in the Chicago Tribune and *Busher's Letters* in the Saturday Evening Post have become known to nearly every household in the United States, has jumped to national prominence within the short space of two years. His creation of the egotistical baseball recruit, whose ungrammatical sentences are gems, tickled the public fancy as nothing in humorous writing has done in recent years.

"Eh, Steve," and "You know me, Al," became recognized slang phrases within a few weeks after the first circulation.

Lardner is a ready writer, fast and accurate. Several of his best magazine stories have been turned out in one afternoon and sent to the publisher without the author's revision. He is not a ready talker. He prefers to listen, but when he does talk he talks well and to the point. Perhaps the fact that he prefers to listen accounts in part for his popularity with sporting men, among whom he has an acquaintance in every branch.

Professor Stagg of the University of Chicago once said: "Lardner comes to the training quarters after the game with the other reporters. He doesn't ask any questions. But he listens to the others' questions while those big eyes of his are roaming around. Then he goes to his office and writes a story which contains more real football information than any of the others have gathered."

Lardner went to Ann Arbor last fall to accompany the Michigan football team to Cambridge for the Harvard game. Yost was not present when Lardner reached the training quarters. Germany Schulz was on guard to prevent all intrusion. The newcomer with characteristic quiet drawl, announced himself with

"My name's Lardner. I'm a reporter. I write football. I want to see your secret practice."

Schulz looked around for assistance to remove the madman who would make such an unheard of request, before an identity game, but Yost's arrival established Lardner's identity and smoothed out all difficulties. Schulz and Lardner became great pals on the trip.

When Fielder Jones was manager of the White Sox and Lardner was a baseball reporter who traveled with the team, Jones one morning met him standing disconsolately in front of the club hotel in Boston. His

whole attitude indicated R-E-M-O-R-S-E. Lardner was not married then.

"Good morning, Ring," said Jones cheerfully.

No response from the disconsolate figure.

"Good morning, Ring," repeated Jones, "how you feeling?"

"I heard you the first time," drawled Ring.

That was all.

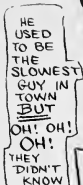
Lardner has been a baseball fan from boyhood. His indulgent father made him and his brother Rex, now of the Associated Press, the envy of Niles boytown by frequently bringing them to Chicago for important series. In this way Lardner laid the foundation of his knowledge of big league baseball, to which he added several years' experience as a writer while traveling with Chicago and Boston teams. This knowledge he has capitalized in the writings which have proved such a popular hit.

Lardner was graduated from the Niles high school, where he played tackle on the football eleven in 1901, and came to Chicago that summer. He secured a position as office boy in the McCormick Harvester offices at a salary of \$5 per week. He lasted two weeks, then loafed two weeks before obtaining a position at \$4 per week with Peabody, Houghteling and Company as office boy and "telephone girl"—as he expresses it. He lasted two weeks.

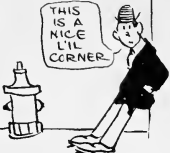
Then he returned to Niles, where he employed his talent as clerk and freight hustler in the Michigan Central freighthouse. His salary was \$1 per day as freight hustler and nothing per day as clerk in the office. Unfortunately he sent a pound of butter to Jackson that should have gone to Battle Creek. It was useless by the time it reached its correct destination. Ring was fired.

He came back to Chicago then, and entered Armour Institute for a course in mechanical engineering. He took rhetoric, mechanical drawing, and shopwork. He passed in rhetoric. The faculty thought the cause of technical education could be better served with someone else in the shop and mechanical drawing classes. That was the winter of 1901-02. He returned to Niles and rested for nearly a year before passing a civil service examination as postoffice clerk and carrier, which allowed him to act as substitute mail carrier at odd times. Then he became a bookkeeper for the Niles Gas Company at \$5 per week. After a year's faithful service, he was boosted at one raise to \$6 per week. He was afraid the advance would make him dizzy.

Having tried nearly everything else, he became convinced by the "cook dog" theory of reasoning that he must have been intended for a newspaper man. He secured a job in 1906 with the South Bend Times as sporting editor, baseball writer, general sporting reporter, dramatic critic, society editor, and court house



LARDNER HAS MADE BILL A BASEBALL CELEBRITY-



AMONG THE MANY POPULAR MAGAZINES LARDNER HAS A LEANING TOWARD THE POST = (JOKE)



reporter. His salary was \$12 a week. He was not fired, but raised to \$15 before he left.

In the fall of 1907 Ring and his brother Rex came to Chicago to see the world's series between Chicago and Detroit. While here Ring secured an introduction to Hugh Fullerton, who was on the Examiner at the time. He asked Fullerton if the latter knew of any jobs. Hugh thought he did, so Lardner followed Fullerton to Detroit, where he was introduced to "Duke" Hutchinson, sporting editor of the Inter Ocean, who gave him a job. Here is the chronology of his newspaper experience:

South Bend Times, 1906-07. Chicago Inter Ocean, November, 1907, to February, 1908. Chicago Examiner, February, 1908, to November, 1908. Chicago Tribune, November, 1908, to November, 1910. Sporting News (St. Louis), December, 1910, to February, 1911. Boston American, February, 1911, to November, 1911. Chicago American, December, 1911, to February, 1912. Chicago Examiner, February, 1912, to May, 1913. Chicago Tribune, June, 1913, until now.

Lardner left The Tribune in 1910 to secure "day work" on a baseball weekly in St. Louis, because he had recently married. One day he was given an order by the late C. C. Spink, owner of the paper. "It did not meet his approval. In true Lardner fashion, he put on his coat and walked out.

Then he became sporting editor of the Boston American. He was given authority to build up his staff and induced two Chicago sporting reporters, including his brother, to accept positions there. Returning from the world's series that fall, Lardner discovered his entire staff had been dispensed with in his absence, by a new managing editor. Lardner issued an ultimatum. The m. e. refused to ultimat. Lardner put on his coat and walked out. Then he returned to the Chicago field as a baseball writer.

Lardner's originality and pleasing style as a dispenser of diamond dope caused The Tribune to offer him a position as successor of the late Hugh E. Keough (Hek) as editor of the In the Wake of the News column. He never had attempted regular paragraphing up to that time, but had always wanted to try it. It proved his real field. He was successful from the start. His national reputation soon followed. With offers to write plays, scenarios for the movies, and magazine articles galore from producers and editors anxious to realize on Lardner's name and reputation, he seems likely to attain even greater success and wider fame in the years to come.

An Important New Publication.

School and Society is the name of a new weekly magazine issuing from the Science Press at Garrison, N. Y., edited by Dr. J. McKeen Cattell, professor of psychology in Columbia University and the Teachers' College, editor of Science, The Popular Science Monthly, and The American Naturalist. The name and the man command immediate and respectful atten-

tion. The first number announces that "the journal will follow the general lines that have made Science of service in the sciences, co-operating with publications in special fields, aiming to become the professional journal for those engaged in the work of our lower and higher schools, and to be of interest to the wider public for whom education is of vital concern. It will emphasize the relations of education to the social order, scientific research in education and its applications, freedom of discussion, and reports and news of events of educational interest.

"A weekly journal of education of this character, which at present does not exist in any country, has been under consideration for some time, but the plans were postponed on the outbreak of the war. Finally, however, it appeared that if the European nations must neglect their educational interests it is all the more important that we should do the best we can in America, and the journal has begun publication with only a month in which to make arrangements.

"The publishers hope that those who receive this number will subscribe to the journal in order to assure its usefulness and success. There will be published two volumes a year, each containing over 800 double column pages of reading matter. The annual subscription price is \$3.00, the cost of a volume, \$1.50, and the charge for single copies, 10 cents."

But It's All in the Family.

That irrepressible Poo Bah of The Tribune staff, Mr. Jamesie Durkin, has innocently spilled another reason why he enjoys married life.

It was the night before the Seventeenth that a subject of the German Emperor spied a tiny potted shamrock on George Morris' desk. The spier coveted and finally succeeded in begging it. He was wrapping it up when Joe Pierson, the W. G. copy cutter, demanded to know by what right the new owner possessed it, referring, of course, to the absence of Irish blood in his makeup.

While the discussion was on a genuine Irishman flashed a little potted shamrock of his own. The German subject tried to confiscate that also, but there was too much genuine Irish about John to surrender.

At this juncture The Only Durkin butted in.

"Where's yours?" asked the German.

"Pshaw, we have a bushel of it—sent direct to my wife from County Mayo," answered Jimmy.

"O, from your mother-in-law, eh, Jamesie?"

"Yeah."

"You never saw her though, did you?"

"Nope—and I hope to Christmas I never will."

Much More Important.

Cleveland Plain Dealer:—"I understand you are the press agent for the college girls' play."

"Yes, I'm getting out some of the stuff."

"What are you working on—the cast of characters?"

"Cast of characters? No, no! Nobody cares for that. This is the list of patronesses."

Are We So Soon Forgot When We Are Gone?

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF A GREAT MAN

By GEORGE J. KAVANAUGH

"Glory is like a circle in the water, which never ceaseth to increase itself till by broad spreading it disperse to nothing." The term great is relative merely—and the memory of this world is short. I am going to tell a story illustrating that.

When this country was at war with Spain, I was one of the many newspaper men with the American army before Santiago. The headquarters of the newspaper men was in a camp at Siboney, at the foot of the historical trail which led to what is known as General Shafter's headquarters, several miles inland.

On July 2nd, 1898, about 11 o'clock at night, I was in my tent. The rain was beating down in floods. The tent flaps were suddenly opened and the head and shoulders of an army officer thrust through. He asked if there was room for him.

"Come right in and make yourself at home," I said. As it was dark, my visitor was unknown to me, but I made arrangements for him to sleep at the other side of the tent.

The next morning when I awoke, I noticed my visitor wore the shoulder straps of a Brigadier General of the medical staff. With a hasty good-morning, we proceeded to the cook-house for our coffee. When departing my visitor said, "I must go out to the hospital ship. I see her off in the distance." And away he went. I had not learned his name. In fact, I hadn't thought of it.

July 4th I was in General Shafter's headquarters with a pack-horse loaded with copies of the Chicago Record, the first American newspaper to arrive in Cuba, to be delivered to the army. It contained the story of the arrival of the American forces before Santiago.

You can easily realize what this meant to the soldiers. An official of the staff said to me, "Don't let all those papers get away from you until you get to the First Emergency hospital. There are many officers and men who are wounded and they need papers more than we do."

I made my way to what was known as the First Reserve hospital, which was a large tent used for the wounded. Lying around on blankets on the earth were many wounded; and the arrival of the Chicago Record was the one thing that made them forget their suffering for the time being.

After giving the wounded their papers, I noticed a



DR. NICHOLAS SENN

doctor at work in the field. He had a temporary operating table made of ammunition boxes. Lying on the ground were many wounded soldiers. The sight would attract anyone's attention, no matter what else was going on. There was this tall man with a white apron spattered with blood, working away with the aid of a few nurses. One after another man was put on the table, and miracles were performed with the knife in extracting bullets from different parts of their bodies.

My curiosity being aroused, I made my way toward the operating table. To my great surprise I discovered that the doctor was my visitor of a few nights before. I asked, "Who is the Doctor?"

"That is Dr. Nicholas Senn of Chicago, our Surgeon General," I was told.

The Doctor looking up recognized me and said "hello" while another soldier was being transferred from the ground to the table. I gave him a Chicago Record and he said:

"My boy, get these papers here as often as you can, for they are a tonic for the wounded. I am very glad the Chicago newspapers are thoughtful enough to circulate their papers here at the front."

The doctor asked me if I would deliver a letter to one of the dispatch boats. I said yes, and on my pad of paper he wrote a few lines addressed to "Mrs. Senn, Chicago."

For several days I made calls at the hospital and each time carried off a similar letter for Doctor Senn.

A year or so after, while in the Philippine Islands, I was wounded and carried back to the United States, embedded in the bone of my right ankle, a bullet, which after seven years was shown by an X-ray to be from an old-fashioned Remington.

Seven years after my return from the Philippine Islands, I became lame and went into the Presbyterian hospital here in Chicago. There I again met Dr. Nicholas Senn. An X-ray was taken at his order. The operation was performed shortly after, Doctor Senn removing the bullet.

Several weeks later a bill for medical services was presented to me by an interne. Doctor Senn was in the habit of visiting me every evening after his operations were over. We discussed his hobby, which was war and militarism. After one of these discussions, I said:

"Doctor, a newspaper man is generally not very

flush financially. I received your bill today. Perhaps you will have to wait awhile for that money."

"Kavanaugh, did you get a bill from the interne?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

Reaching under my pillow, I brought forth the bill and handed it to him. Taking out his fountain pen, he wrote across it and handed it back to me. I read what he wrote in a heavy hand:

"Paid in full in Cuba. Nicholas Senn."

A few months ago I was attacked with appendicitis and again went to the Presbyterian hospital. An operation, a few weeks' illness, and once more a convalescent there.

The Presbyterian hospital is not the hospital that it was several years ago. Today it is a wonderful institution, enlarged several times over. It is known from coast to coast. When you speak of the Presbyterian hospital or when you hear it spoken of, no matter in what part of the country, you will hear, "That's the hospital where Doctor Senn was."

While a convalescent, I thought I would stroll around and look the place over. Floor after floor I visited. Ward after ward, named after Chicago's richest and most charitable citizens, such as Philip Armour, Marshall Field, and that sort, all of whom have had something to do with that fine institution—an institution made known by the great surgeon, whose reputation and wonderful knowledge of how to perform the most delicate operations known to the world built its very foundation and will hold it up forever.

On the first floor, I was ushered into a large waiting room. A beautiful room, richly furnished, large enough for a banquet hall. I noticed on the wall an oil painting, on which rays of electric lights fell. On the brass plate below was the name, "Mr. Day." I asked the nurse:

"Who is Mr. Day?"

"Mr. Day is the president of the Presbyterian Board."

After my stroll through the hospital, I felt that something was lacking, and I asked the nurse if there was not a painting of some kind of Doctor Senn. She said that Doctor Senn was there before her time, but she knew a nurse who would know if there was one, as she had been at the hospital for many years.

"I would like to see the nurse," I said.

"Certainly. I will take you to her now."

I was made acquainted and turned over to the nurse. I asked her about Doctor Senn and she said "yes, I was here during Doctor Senn's time, and we have a painting of him. Would you like to see it?"

We took the elevator to the fifth floor, and there in an unused room of some kind, and hanging on the wall, was a painting of Doctor Senn in the uniform of a Brigadier General of the medical corps, just as I saw him the first morning after I gave him a place to sleep at Siboney.

He was gazing down upon the crude operation of a carpenter mending a lavatory table. The thought

passed through my mind, here was an old friend who had done me a favor, a man who has given the world of science something that will live. In the very hospital that he put the foundation under, his painting hangs alone on the fifth floor, where no one can see it. And who is the man known as Mr. Day, the President in oil painting on the first floor?

The question does not asperse Mr. Day, who must be an estimable man or he would not hold a position so honorable. But I did know Doctor Senn. I knew moreover that his name was far more familiar in the highest scientific associations of Europe than it was here at home—that he was a most eminent man, whose contribution to the good of humanity was vast and of enduring value. Yet I found the picture of a man unknown outside his own immediate environment placed where all must see it; and away upstairs, remote from view, the mild eyes of the great doctor regarding passively the slow work of a carpenter shaping a board, unaware and indifferent.

After all, it comes to little. Doctor Senn lives in his work. He lived for it. He was one of the noblest men and utterly the most selfless man I have known. He needs no monument. In the perspective of time, he will stand out among the few towering figures that shall give distinction to Chicago, while lesser names that command the little present hour, will have become alms for oblivion.

MORE WOE.

BY WM. B. DELANCY.

Heaven pity the poor scribbler's plight,
Who combines words in verses or song:
To write already thus is all right,
To write alright thus is all wrong.

Choosing words is the finest of arts,
Although dictionaries are full
Their semblance, when spoken, departs,
For instance, there's cull, and then pull.

Then some words sound the same when they're spoke:
At the fair should the fair pay the fare?
Will a yoke made of oak beat the yolk
Of an egg; pare a pear for the pair?

What you read, though it's black, has been read;
What is seen is not always a scene;
"Leads" are written with pencils of lead;
Men of means in their mien may be mean.

Though a brake rod might suddenly break,
Still a window pane suffers no pain;
To buy steak now requires some stake;
Who would fain write good English must feign.

Shoveling coal were an easier task,
But the realms of King Cole are laid waste.
Were a maid in the sun made to bask,
Should she put on a basque or a waist?

Then The Editor said, as he frowned:
"Get to work, sir, such scribbling won't do."
Bills are due; yes, dew covers the ground;
The scribe threw down his pen, he was through.

Chicago, March, 1915.

The Enchantment of Big Horns

By JOSEPH MAGILL.

[The author of this poem visited the Club last Sunday. He is a member of the Adventurers, holding that privilege on the record of a long life lived in the West when the West and the Indians were wild. He tells stories that would sell if he would write them—and altogether he is an interesting personality. This poem is only one of many of his that attest a high gift.]

There's a land of rare enchantment
in the Big Horn's rugged folds,
Up among the pines and cedars
where the trout-filled clear lakes
lie.
There you hear the night winds
sighing.
See the homeless night-birds fly-
ing,
Hear the eerie, savage wailing of the
grey wolf's hunting cry.

Down the slopes the creeks are rush-
ing to the green-cind vales below,
With a murmuring and a whispering
that make music in the ears;
On their waves they carry treasure
That, with full and heaping mea-
sure,
Fills vale and slope and meadows
with the harvests of the years.

And the lakes above lie gleaming 'neath the shades of
spruce and pine.
For the soul that's worn and weary they hold joy, and
peace, and rest,
There the woodland nymphs are singing—
There the mountain chimes are ringing—
There aloof, alone, and wary, the eagle builds his nest.

On their wings the night winds carry haunting strains
of harp's æolian,
There the fairy bands are playing, you can hear them
in the trees,
Sprites of wood and hill will greet you,
With harp and dance they'll meet you;
You can catch their songs and laughter in the murmur
of the breeze.

Fairer far than fields elysian that the Greek and Latin
dreamed,
Are the lakes along the Paint Rock and the Tensleep's
silver streams,
All this world has nothing fairer,
None more beautiful—nothing rarer,
Never aught of charm more haunting in the poet's
wildest dreams.

Let me lead you where the Paint Rock has its birth
among the snows,
Where the glaciers drowse forever in their prison-walls
of frost.



JOSEPH MAGILL.

Here the moonbeams shed their
glory on the massive walls they
bulldozed.
Walls of porphyry and granite by
the Shell Creek's rugged head.
And the night wind's filled with
wailing,
Like some dirge your ears assail-
ing—
They're the ghostly notes of mourn-
ing of the men and days long
dead.

I've heard the chimes of Stassburg,
and the sweet-toned temple bells,
I've seen the tall pagodas, and I've
heard the Moslem's call,
But the Big Horn's charms still
hold me,
Like some fairy cloak they fold
me,
And they keep my soul forever in
their strange compelling thrall.

For the fever'd soul there's healing,
Of life's joy a new revealing—
They'll give you back the vigor, in the war of life
that's lost.

Where the Medicine Lodge sings sweetly the song of
rippling waters,
'Mid the sagebrush and the aspens where the lovely
Spratt ranch stands,
There are fairy harpers playing,
In the branches nodding, swaying,
While the stream a dirge is singing for its death in
ocean sands.

From the caves around Black Mountain are the shadowy
hosts advancing—
You can hear the rhythmic pulsing of their feet along
the trail.
Their steel-tipped spears are gleaming,
At their head are green flags streaming—
They're the exiled fairy squadrons from the land of
Granauale.

On the lonely Shell Creek mesa I can hear the giants
marching,
Marching where the Trapper's rushing past the van-
ished red man's sign.
Who this ghostly host will follow
Over hill, through vale and hollow,
Will come at last to trout streams, and the joy of rod
and line.

A Story of George D. Prentice, by William Lightfoot Visscher, Who Was His Acolyte

Lately Opie Read gave me a little, old, leather-bound book, that was printed at Hartford, Connecticut, in 1831. Its title is: "Biography of Henry Clay, by George D. Prentice, Esq."

Prentice was about twenty-six when he came from Connecticut to Kentucky to write Mr. Clay's life. He had been the editor of a magazine—The New England Review, in the editorship of which he was succeeded by John Greenleaf Whittier. The greater part of this work was done at Olympian Springs, a delightful retreat in the mountains of eastern Kentucky, much favored by "Grand Old Harry" as a summer resting place and with which I was familiar in my boyhood. Prentice's favorite place of work was at the base of a cliff, in the forest and beneath a great chestnut tree, a cool spring of caliche water at hand, the rocks below tinted with the red of the iron-rust. To this day the place is known as "Prentice's Study." Here, inspired by the pure air and the beauties of nature, he wrote, varying now and then the monotony of his work by a shot at some object of game, for he always took with him a shotgun, which when not in use stood against the tree behind him.

On one occasion, while he was seated at his work, a big spider came down on his web and rested on the manuscript, as if come to bring a message. Prentice looked up and about and beheld another visitor—a man; one of the natives, an able-bodied specimen of the Jackson Democracy, rifle in hand, who abruptly approached to within a few steps, halted, and demanded the stranger's name. Prentice gave the required information in a very friendly tone, whereupon the man said:

"You are writing Clay's life, ain't ye?"

"Yes," returned Prentice.

"Well, I want ye to write mine," said the intruder, in a very insolent tone, looking threateningly, first at Prentice and then at his rifle, "and I want you to do it mighty quick, too."

Suddenly Mr. Prentice reached behind the tree, and snatching his gun, had it instantly presented, full-cocked, right in the face of his rude visitor, remarking as he did so, "I won't write your life, but I'll take it if you don't leave here right now."

The astonished native began to apologize, saying that he was only joking, and the like, and it is barely necessary to add that he left.

The work of writing the book was done in the incredibly short space of six months. Prentice had come from Connecticut to do this work on the invitation of leaders of the Whig party, and he did it so well that young as he was, he was placed in charge of the Louisville Journal, a newspaper just organized as the advocate of Henry Clay, who was about to become the candidate of the Whigs for President.

To be editor of such a paper in such times required physical courage and its occasional use in personal encounter. In Prentice's case a strong heart was especially necessary, for it was common in those days for the rude yeomanry of the southwest to entertain the idea that an eastern man wouldn't fight. The sooner the yeomanry could be convinced to the contrary the sooner the necessity for fighting died out. Prentice showed his teeth and his grit the first dab, and it quickly became known that he was "no slouch." For this reason, only those who very much wanted to fight bothered him.

In beginning his work on the Louisville Journal—now Courier-Journal—in a fierce political campaign, and with a new paper, it was thought the youngster would quickly be downed. In those days the journalistic champion of the democracy in the south was the Louisville Advertiser, of which Shadrack Penn, a bold and able writer, was the editor; but Prentice did not hesitate to poise his lance and engage the veteran in a grand polemic tourney. For eleven years they fought each other, and the battle was a brilliant one. It grew too hot for Penn, however, in the end, and he quitted Kentucky, going to St. Louis. The tribute that Mr. Prentice paid his old antagonist on that occasion was beautiful and touching beyond conception, and is only equaled by another, concerning the same man, that Mr. Prentice wrote on the occasion of Penn's death, a few years later.

A remarkable trait in Prentice's character was that in the midst of the fiercest political animosities, and in the very heat of journalistic controversy, he never allowed such things to interfere with his personal friendships, but remained as true to them as the needle to the pole. He almost loved Horace Greeley, who was for years his bitterest political enemy; that is to say, in the later years of his life.

Once when Mr. Greeley came to Louisville to give a lecture at Weiseger hall, he called, on Prentice at the latter's editorial rooms, and when he opened the door, the great wit received him with the strongest manifestations of pleasure. I don't think they had ever met before, at any rate, not for many years, but Prentice knew the Sage of Chappagua at once. There was that veritable old white hat; that benign countenance—eleven by nine in fact—those same pantaloons, everlastingly too short, and the venerable white overcoat, everlastingly too long, and all the other peculiarities in personnel that so positively marked the philosopher of the Tribune.

On the evening of the lecture, Mr. Prentice occupied a chair near the speaker and listened with rapt attention to every word that fell from his lips. A few days

afterward he wrote the following beautiful poem, which was headed

TO A POLITICAL OPPONENT.

I send thee, Greeley, words of cheer,
Thou bravest, truest, best of men,
For I have marked thy strong career
As traced by thy own sturdy pen.
I've seen thee struggle with the foes
That dared thee to the desperate fight,
And loved to watch the goodly blows
Dealt for the cause thou deem'st the right.

Thou'st dared to stand against the wrong
When others faltered by thy side,
In thy own strength hast dared be strong,
Nor on another's arm relied;
Thy own bold thoughts thou'st dared to think
Thy own great purposes avowed,
And none have ever seen thee shrink
From the fierce surges of the crowd.

Thou, all unaided and alone,
Did'st take thy way in life's young years,
With no kind hand clasped in thy own,
No gentle voice to soothe thy tears,
But thy high heart no power could tame,
And thou hast never ceased to feel,
Within thy veins, a sacred flame
That turned thy iron nerves to steel.

I know that thou art not exempt
From all the weaknesses of earth,
For passion comes to rouse and tempt
The truest souls of mortal birth,
But thou hast well fulfilled thy trust,
In spite of love, and hope, and fear,
And e'en the tempest's thunder roar,
But clears thy spirit's atmosphere.

Thou still art in thy manhood's prime,
Still foremost mid thy fellow men,
Though in each year of all thy time,
Thou hast compressed three score and ten.
Oh, may each blessed sympathy,
Breathed on thee with a tear and sigh,
A sweet flower in thy pathway be,
A bright star in thy clear blue sky.

Prentice's frankness was refreshing. As an instance of it one day Will S. Hays, the famous song writer, who was then the river reporter of the Louisville Democrat, came into the editorial room of the Journal, and after some general talk, said to Mr. Prentice, "Have you seen my last song?" The old gentleman looked up rather quizzically at the musician, and replied, "I hope so, Bill," and "Bill," without more ado than to look over his shoulder in a funny sort of way, quietly slid down the stairs.

On another occasion when Prentice was coming out of a building which had double doors that swing either in or out, he was pushing the one on his right and found some difficulty in getting it open. At last giving an impatient and mighty surge the door flew open and a young man who had been pushing on the other side was sent sprawling on the floor. Mr. Prentice assisted him to arise, and as he did so, remarked, "I'd like to give you a piece of free advice, young man. If you will always keep to the right in your way through life, you'll never run against anybody but a fool and you needn't apologize to him."

Once Prentice allowed an opportunity to fight a duel pass him because he had a chance to get off a joke by refusing. Some one sent him a challenge and he sent it back, with a note to the effect that it only takes one fool to send a challenge while it takes two to fight, and as he had no desire to be classed in that category he'd beg to be excused.

During my service in the Civil war I wrote some letters to the Louisville Journal from the front, so when Johnnie and I and some others came marching home, those youthful letters from the front having been printed, I was perfectly willing and felt eminently capable of taking editorial charge of any publication, hence, after a little rest, applied for a place, modestly, as associate editor of the Journal. It happened that just at that time there was a supersufficient supply of associate editors on hand, but it also happened that Mr. Prentice's amanuensis was off trying to bull the whisky market by the consuming process, and as that job required his exclusive attention, the man at the wheel, or the desk—same thing—told me that he would put me on as amanuensis to the immortal George D. I hadn't the slightest idea what on earth an amanuensis was, but I was willing to be one if it had anything to do with writing for the papers. My employer told me that writing for the papers was just what an amanuensis would do, in this particular case, and that I would be required to write the leading editorials. And that was what I did. I wrote them as Mr. Prentice dictated them.

When I was introduced to the great wit, poet and political writer, he said he liked me, and we began work at once. He always punctuated his matter as he composed it, and this is the way the first paragraph that I wrote for him read. It was a pen picture of George Francis Train:

"Fist ~~etc.~~ A locomotive that has run off of the track, comma, turned upside down, comma, with the cow-catcher buried in a stump and the wheels making a thousand revolutions a minute, full stop.

"A kite in the air that has lost its tail, dash, a human novel without a hero, dash, a man who climbs a tree for a bird's nest, comma, out on a limb, comma, and in order to get it saws the limb off between himself and the tree, full stop.

"A ship without a rudder, dash, a clock without hands, dash, a sermon that is all text, dash, a pantomime of words, dash, an arrow shot into the air, dash, the apotheosis of talk, comma, the incarnation of gab, full stop.

"Handsome, comma, muscular, comma, as neat as a cat, comma, clean to the marrow, comma, a judge of the effect of clothes, comma, frugal in food and regular only in habits, full stop.

"A noonday mystery, dash, a solved conundrum, dash, a practical joke in earnest, dash; a cipher hunting for a figure to pass for something, semicolon; with the brains of twenty men in his head, comma, all pulling in different directions, semicolon; not bad as to heart, comma, but a man who has shaken hands, comma, goodbye to reverence, full stop."

When Mr. Prentice looked over this piece of manuscript, he laughed himself almost into a fit, and I wondered if it was a common thing for great men to laugh so over their own productions. I had often laughed over my own good things, but then I was not a great man. In fact I was only a commonplace boy, and have since learned that it isn't the proper caper. I have also since learned that Mr. Prentice wasn't laughing at his own wit, but at the verbatim style in which I had written from his dictation. It impressed him with my faithfulness, however, and we were friends until he went to his coronation, and I hope he sees and loves me yet.

In due course of time, having sat at Mr. P.'s elbow long enough to learn something of newspaper work, he promoted me to the staff and took off the curb, and I became a journalist.

While Mr. Prentice lived he was the literary prop of a great number of poets and many more poetesses. He was morbidly fond of women, and if one who was passably good-looking came to him with a piece of verse, he at once declared that it was charming, took the lines for publication in the Journal, and as soon as her back was turned, began to bandage and doctor up those limping rhymes and that string-halted rhythm until the thing read nicely; and then it would come out with a beautiful compliment to the ostensible author, and the Journal would have another pet poet and Mr. Prentice another pupil in versification. Frequently this would result in these bread and butter poetesses imagining they were great, and often they would acquire fame by bringing to the warm-hearted and gentle old man their hideous skeletons of poetry which he would enliven and round up and beautify. When he died many a muse fell sick, and the poetesses who had lived a lie brought no more music from their lyres. There were a few, however, who had the divine afflatus, and they wrote on. Among the true poetesses of Mr. Prentice's many proteges were "Amelia," who died before him, Mrs. Piatt, whose maiden name was Sallie M. Bryan, and Mrs. Hill, who in her poetic days was Agnes Leonard. The husband of Mrs. Piatt was John J. Piatt, for a long time Mr. Prentice's amanuensis, a poet himself, but one of the sombre kind, though he was a cousin of the irrepressible and mercurial Don Piatt, who established at Washington the Capital newspaper.

It was John J. Piatt who collated Mr. Prentice's poems and published them in a book after Mr. Prentice died. It was his natural somberness that led him to suppress the great wit's humorous efforts in verse. Among those suppressed I call to mind one entitled "The Captive Eagle," which was somewhat classic in style and at the same time richly amusing. The poem told how an eagle had swooped down and fastened its talons in a huge fish that he couldn't pull out of the water, and as Mr. Fish couldn't pull Mr. Eagle under and Mr. Eagle couldn't let go, the manner in which that majestic bird skimmed over the surface of the lake, riding his dolphin charger, was too funny—for a

sober-sided elder like John J. Piatt—and people who are fond of the ludicrous and laughable will be obliged to wait until some happy-hearted man culls from among the files of the old Louisville Journal the flowers of George D. Prentice's poetic fancy and makes a bouquet which will have some sprightly jump-up-johnnies, and daffodils, and snap-dragons in it, as well as stately lilies, proud roses and modest daisies and violets, intertwined with weeping cypress and mourning myrtle.

No man ever loved more the beautiful in nature and art than did Prentice, and no one ever had more fondness for those things that were jolly and gladsome. He was a wit and a humorist as well as a great philosopher. He was a living exemplification of the kinship between humor and pathos. He was delightful at a dinner party, strong in a council of statesmen, happy in the fields and earnest in anything he went at. Above all things he was a stickler for rhetorical harmony. Once he asked me to describe him a battle and the conversation turned him to O'Hara's beautiful poem in which occur the lines:

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

"It is charming," he said, "but I ask you, as a soldier, did you ever see a tent on a bivouac?"

He loved Theodore O'Hara, but he wouldn't excuse, even under the mitigation of poetic license, the positive inharmony of a tent on a bivouac, because the essential part of a bivouac is a camping ground without tents.

Why genius should be absent-minded is one of those things I leave to those who are learned in the iglosyn-crasies of the human mind; but Mr. Prentice was very much so. He chewed tobacco and very frequently laid his masticated quids on his writing table or the mantle-piece, and sometimes put them in his hat. He was exceedingly fond of young animals, and this story will illustrate both of these peculiarities.

One dark, dreary, dismal and drizzly night in winter, Charlie Morse, who was then a reporter on the Journal, brought into the editorial rooms a poor little kitten he had picked up in the street. Its coat was wet and bedraggled from the rain, and begrimed with the filth of the gutter, and it shivered with cold until the warmth from the grate, beside which he laid it on a rug, had done its genial work. Mr. Prentice at once took pity on the forlorn creature and adopted it for his pet; and under his kind treatment it soon grew to be a pretty and saucy one. As the spring days came it grew in size and beauty, and brought many a chuckle from the old man's heart, as it chased its tail among the papers on the exchange-table, or mischievously pawed at the rapidly-going pencils or pens of the editorial workers.

Every morning Mr. Prentice used to send to market for some scraps of beef to feed his feline protegee, and often, after cutting off bits with a pair of scissors and

feeding them to pussy until she had enough, there would be a big chunk left. This remaining portion Mr. Prentice would carefully wrap up and deposit in the pocket of the skirt of his coat, and then he would forget it. In the warm days this meat would assert itself, and the old man would come in some fine morning complaining of the awful odor that pervaded the atmosphere of the editorial rooms, little dreaming that he carried its cause in his pocket. He would storm about it in his feeble way, and give the janitor metaphoric fits, and that old ebony imbecile would saturate the sanctum with disinfectants. It was fun to the boys, and they would let it proceed. Mr. Prentice always wore a little, old, yarn jacket when at work, and when he had doffed his coat and donned the "wampus," one of the reporters would slyly rid the pocket of the nuisance, and the trouble would discontinue until the next time.

The reason it was necessary for Mr. Prentice to employ an amanuensis was that he couldn't write with his own hand, being afflicted with what the doctors call "chorea scriptorem," commonly known as scrivener's paralysis or writer's cramp, a nervous disease of the fingers caused by excessive writing, but he could by taking hold of a pen or pencil with both hands write, with great difficulty, a few words, and thus he would make little memoranda on the margins of newspapers. These he would tear off and place in his hat, which was generally more than half full of them. So when he wanted to write a column of his bright, terse and epigrammatic paragraphs he would have recourse to this never failing supply for inspiration. He would fish out those bits, one by one, study them closely, and dictate what he desired to have written from them. In quiet hours he would painfully get up, on large pieces of paper, the framework of his poems and then dictate them to his amanuensis in full blown beauty.

One of the grandest poems and one of the finest pieces of composition in the language was his "Closing Year," which has been published as a piece of standard literature for years in the higher school readers. This was altogether impromptu, and was written under these circumstances:

It was New Year's eve, and the carriers of the paper had no address for their patrons for the following day, as was the custom. Besides, in those days the address was a matter of serious financial importance on this annual occasion, to the boys who delivered the paper to the city subscribers. It was handsomely printed, and nearly every subscriber gave to the carrier a remembrance in the shape of coin. The person who had promised to furnish the address for this occasion had failed, and the carriers were in distress. Mr. Prentice appreciated the situation and said, suddenly to his amanuensis—then the poet Fulkerson—"Write. I will dictate a carriers' address." Thus "The Closing Year" was produced.

Some one present, and in authority, recognizing the strange beauty of the poem, which begins—

"Tis midnight's holy hour,"

caused it to be printed on satin—something quite stunning in those days—and all Louisville had it the next morning. Many of the old citizens have it yet in that shape, stored away among their choicest mementoes of the olden times.

When George D. Prentice died, in 1870, I was requested to write something concerning his life for a leading newspaper of that time, and that article closed with this inadequate tribute, written in the sophomoric verbiage of a very young man:

"As an editor Mr. Prentice wrote in simple and unmistakable language, sentences that impressed the appreciative scholar with admiration for their beauty; the politician and discussionist with the power of his logic; his opponent with awe and the multitude with enthusiasm. His eloquence was as grand and lofty as the mountains and as sweeping as the torrent that dashes through their gorges. He grasped his subject with a hand of iron and sent its thunderbolts abroad, in tones deep and full of energy and pathos, while the lightnings of his wit and sarcasm gleamed through it frightfully, or playfully, or pleasantly. His humor was as rich and sparkling as the best champagne, and his satire as keen and cutting as a true Damascus blade.

"As a poet he was sublime, for when in that Muse's mood his soul seemed lifted, e'en beyond the highest flight of

"The proud bird,

The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home."

"At the time of his birth a furious storm was raging throughout the country; his life was one almost continued storm, and when the golden bowl was broken and the silver cord unstrung, and the spirit of the great man took its flight to the God who gave it, the skies wept raindrops for his memory; the bleak winter winds rushed wildly and sadly by, lending their mournful music to his requiem; La Belle Riviere—the beautiful Ohio—on whose lovely banks he dwelt, swelled up in awful agony, and while the country mourned her heaven-gifted son, the world's constellation of literary stars hid their twinkling lights behind a cloud of sorrow as this companion gem flew from its orbit into the interminable space of eternity."

Joseph Mohr Is Called Away.

The Press Club deplores the death of Joseph Mohr, a life member of many years standing and great popularity, who passed away a week ago. Mr. Mohr was president of the incorporated firm of John Mohr & Sons, and prominent in the active business concerns of Chicago. He had many warm personal friendships in the Club, and is missed with more than a passing sense of loss.

The Fourth Estate and P. T. Barry's Dinner

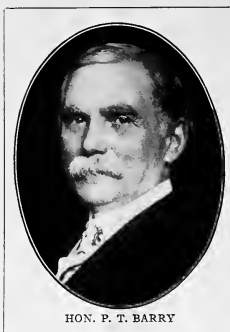
The Fourth Estate this week has a follow-up story concerning a few things that happened twenty-one years ago and were reported in its very first issue. One of these was a dinner given by our Patrick T. Barry to the managers of the newspapers of Chicago. The list of names reads now for the most part like a roll of honorable dead. There were C. N. Greig of the *Inter Ocean*; A. F. Portman of the *Times*; Hugh W. Montgomery of the *Tribune*; A. G. Beausnne of the *Record* (then the morning issue of the *Daily News*); Robert Ansley of the *Herald*; W. A. Hutchinson of the *Journal*; S. S. Rogers of the *Daily News*; Sam T. Clover of the *Post* (now editor and proprietor of the *Graphic*, Los Angeles); C. E. Wood of the *Dispatch*; R. S. Bauer of the *Mail*; W. D. Boyce of the *Blade* (weekly—still running and making large money); C. E. Strong of the Chicago Newspaper Union (patent insides and boiler plate); M. A. Myers of the Kellogg Newspaper Company; W. H. Welch of the Western Newspaper Union (now the largest and soundest concern of its kind anywhere); A. L. Fowle of the *Boston Journal*; A. C. Spear of the *New York World*; J. P. Holland, D. M. Lord, Al. Thomas, H. A. Kramer, I. A. Fleming, John H. Smuth, C. H. Fuller, William E. O'Neill, and S. C. Carruthers.

The follow-up by Mr. Barry, addressed to the editor of the *Fourth Estate*, is interesting enough to be reproduced here in full. It reads:

Sir: I read with great interest your reproduced page from the *Fourth Estate* of twenty-one years ago in your issue of February 27th. Of course, it had a special interest for me because of its having a conspicuous report of one of the little dinners I gave to my friends occasionally in those early days and of the names of those present on that occasion.

While, as you say, most of those who were present then are now dead, I want to emphasize the fact that before they did enter into eternal repose they "climbed the steep ascent of fame" in the advertising and publishing business by blazing the way for those who were to follow in their noble footsteps.

These men were to the advertising and publishing business of that day what Horace Greeley, Henry J. Raymond, Charles A. Dana, Joseph Medill, Murat Halstead, Victor F. Lawson, Samuel Bowles and Henry Watterson have been to the editorial field of American journalism.



HON. P. T. BARRY

Nor are they all dead either. Charles H. Fuller, who was regarded by common consent as the Adonis of the profession in his time, is still with us and enjoyed a hearty lunch with me in the Union League Club today. When he is not following the erratic climatic changes from the Arctic to the tropics he is automobiling over the Lincoln Highway and the other superb roads of the great central West.

D. M. Lord, our Chesterfield toastmaster and after-dinner orator of those days, is also still with us, and very much with us, too. He takes a great deal of his luxury these days on wheels—on the renowned "Santa Fe de Luxe" between Chicago, Pasadena and Coronado Beach with by-

paths to Grand Canyon and "The Garden of the Gods."

M. A. Myers, who immortalized the co-operative advertising field in those days, is still in the prime of vigor and health. What time he can spare from duty on his Georgia plantation and his brokerage business in Chicago, he gives to Chicago club life.

W. D. Boyce, as you say, is still in his old line of business. Just now, however, he is at the war front in Europe, and after big game. He is in the vicinity of Thorn, the great German fortress on the River Vistula, about equal distance from Warsaw and Danzig on the Baltic Sea. Being of remote Polish extraction and a lineal descendant on one side of the renowned John Sobieski, the last monarch of united Poland, he is now engaged in the laudable work of a reunited Poland, with Warsaw, of course, as the capital.

When this is accomplished and Poland is a nation once again, Warsaw is destined to become one of the greatest cities of the world, and it is Mr. Boyce's shrewd intention to establish there, after the great war is over, an immense publishing house which will radiate its products and influence and power over Europe, for him, as Chicago does in the *New World*. When Mr. Boyce goes after a thing he never fails to get it.

The present generation of advertising men, now reaping the financial reward incident to the pioneer labors of those you mention, should be grateful to those men who put the advertising business as a whole on a paying and enduring basis.

P. T. BARRY.

An Ornithological Fact.

Brooklyn Eagle:—Washington bird-census men assure us that the American robin still outnumbers the English sparrow in this country. German-Americans will please take notice.

Highly Pointed Thoughts Expressed in Suave English

"You see," says Miss Calvia Bender, in the Saturday Evening Post story, "Nothing Mumbles but Bricks"—"You see, I have read so much—almost everything—and it all got to sound alike to me—same people in different clothes, same love story, same old human problems. But worst of all, everlastingly the same old words, just like the dinners one goes to in the spring—same saddle of lamb, same peas, same asparagus, same early-in-the-season strawberry ice cream, just different cooks—all taught in the same school, all catering to the same proper-minded taste. I couldn't bear to write like that. If I wanted to describe, for instance, a plumpish but virginal young girl getting up to sing a song of Debussy's in a hot room to a crowd of people, I couldn't just begin: 'She felt Reginald's eyes upon her, burning through the fashionable throng that, hemming her in as she moved quivering to the piano, seemed to weigh down her song.' It wouldn't seem to me like that, would it to you?"

Her infatuated listener answers (of course) "No, it wouldn't—certainly not."

"To me," she enlarges, "it would all be in one word, the right word, exactly right. But I should have to find it, and to find it just steep myself in the atmosphere of that room, use all my senses at once, see that girl in yellow, hear Reginald's smothered sigh, smell the oxygenless music room, feel the crush, and so on. And then suddenly the word would come, as if from the accumulation and very intensity of my perception—'banana,' just 'banana.' I can't help feeling sure that any sensitive and high-strung artist would follow me."

"Naturally," adds Miss Bender, "my point of view, being unrelated to that of any school, seems to challenge the most cruel criticism and misunderstanding."

In that unegotistic and light bringing statement lies the active principle, the very plasmic germ of the revolt against accepted order in literature and the other arts, most especially in the domain of poetry, hitherto usurped by people who wore with satisfaction the yoke of convention—who insisted upon rhythmic form and consecutive substance. It is not to be denied that public taste has been slow to perceive the nobility of the new mode—if mode it be which itself is a protest against mode. It is even admitted, not without a touch of shame, that certain flippant writers have flouted it. What could have been expected? Is it not history that Jerusalem stoned the Prophets?

But The Cause is not without its champions even among the laity. THE SCOOP proudly claims first place in that determined rank, backs its claim with the discovery of Alfred Kreyborg, and supports that backing with the declaration that true poetry, like true painting, is occult to the vulgar; standing firmly on the fundamental truth that when a thing becomes intelligible it ceases to be Art, even with a lower-case a. And THE SCOOP welcomes warmly a brother-in-perception who sees not yet as clearly as maybe he later will—a writer in The Indianapolis News.

"Always," says that admirable man, "with a feeling of mingled awe and wonder at what is done nowadays with the English language in the name of new art, we greet that inspiring periodical—published in Chicago—which bears the name, Poetry, and is issued once a month. Until its pages are read one can have no idea how much poetry there is in the world, and it is barely possible, even after reading two or three issues, that the same hazy notion about the quantity—and the quality—may still prevail. That, however, is merely because Poetry knows poetry and some of us do not. We only think we do. Our conception of poetry is wrong. All our lives we have been shamelessly deceived and misled, and writers we have been taught to call poets are not poets at all. They could never, in their palmiest days, get their poems printed in Poetry; they could never have attained its standard."

"So anyone can see at a glance. Take this wonderful bit of descriptive poetry by 'H. D.' called The Garden:

I.

You are clear,
O rose, cut in rock.

I could scrape the color
from the petals,
like spilt dye from a rock.

If I could break you
I could break a tree.

If I could stir
I could break a tree,
I could break you.

II.

O wind, rend open the heat,
cut apart the heat,
slit it to tatters.

Fruit can not drop
through this thick air:
fruit can not fall into heat
that presses up and blunts
the points of pears
and rounds grapes.

Cut the heat:
plough through it,
turning it on either side
of your path.

"That's good, as Polonius would say. It is clear; a child could tell from reading it what the heat had

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done to 'H. D.' But, could the writers we have been looking upon in our crass ignorance as poets achieve that? Certainly not. Nor this, either, by the sweet singer, Ezra Pound, who calls it a Dogmatic Statement Concerning the Game of Chess:

Blocked light working in. Escapes. Renewing of contest.
Clash, leaping of bands, straight stripe of hard color.
Whirl! Centripetal! Mate! King down in the vortex,
"Y" pawns, cleaving, embanking!
Clashing with "x's" of queens, looped with the knight-leaps,

Luminous green from the rooks,
Their moves break and reform the pattern:
This board is alive with light; these pieces are living in form,
Reaching and striking in angles, holding lines in one color,

Striking the board, falling in strong "It's" of color.
Red knights, brown bishops, bright queens.

"To be sure, we have taken a slight liberty with Mr. Pound's charming poem. We have set it down backward—the last line first. But it came handier that way, and it reads quite as well, which proves, of course, the possession of a virtue that never for a moment was in the grasp of such men as Tennyson and Browning. They had it not. And this leads us to observe that it is high time such antiquated relics of the dead past of literature should be ruled out of schools. Why burden the young mind with the infantile, formless prattle of an antique Browning when we can get—in Poetry—the sublime, modern, imagist verse of the master artist, Ezra Pound?"

Why, indeed? In Poetry or out of it. That men are but children of a larger growth is a truism. Why extend freedom to children and allow the elders to remain thralls? Let us see to it, we soldiers of the muse, be she bemused never so much. Poetry that cannot be read backward as well as forward is not poetry. Anagram, palindrome, rebus and acrostic are all very well, but nothing is poetry that cannot be stood upon its head. Shall we continue in hereditary bondage? No! 0001 times. No! Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow. Awake! Arise! Or be forever fallen.

A Few Kentucky Kernels.

Our Clarence B. Harroll has put forth an eighty-six page book of Kentucky stories under the euphemistic title, Kentucky Kernels. It is good to look at, and about as readable a collection of various short stuff as one is likely to come across in any year. It has a curious quality of atmosphere—what you might call a quaint Kentucky air. There are stories, and bits of

history, and personal reminiscence, all close to the ground and all conveying an impression of truth. General readers will find most interest in a carefully drawn and seemingly authentic history of the family which produced Abraham Lincoln. If the book is on sale it fails to say so, but anyone wanting it (it is really worth while) might write to Harroll at Spencer, Indiana.

The Hon. James E. Bruce.

In a recent editorial The Daily News of Atlantic, Iowa, had this to say of James E. Bruce, a life member of The Press Club, whose extraordinarily successful career is now in full and highly creditable climax:

"The editor of this paper has known Senator James E. Bruce intimately for the twenty-nine years he has been a resident of this county. As a lawyer, banker, business man, public servant, citizen and neighbor, he has always made good.

"Prompted always by the most profound pity, and sympathy for the unfortunate man afflicted with the awful curse of strong drink, there are many happy families in this city and county who are such today by reason of his efforts and financial assistance rendered them in years past."

For thirty years, before taking up the system of Dr. B. E. Neal for treatment of alcoholic addiction, Mr. Bruce was a lawyer and then a banker, prominent in both lines of interest. It was in 1909 he took up his present work by opening an institution at Des Moines. Now there are thirty-three of them, at principal points in this country and in Canada and Australia. The Australian government has adopted and is using the Neal treatment officially. All are busy, though the term of treatment is brief, being only three days in the average, seven days in severe alcoholic cases, and from seven to fourteen days in drug cases. The system is quite simple, being a course of vegetable remedies that counteract craving.

A peculiarity of these institutions is that they have attracted and are principally patronized by people—men and women—of excellent social position. They are centers from which radiates an influence most beneficial in every consideration.

Indianapolis News:—Now that Carranza has joined Washington in urging the withdrawal of Americans from Mexico, there doesn't seem to be any reason why they should insist on waiting for habeas corpus proceedings.

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QUERY.

BY BAIRD LEONARD IN THE MORNING TELEGRAPH.

(Cornell University has sent out a circular appealing to great men to bequeath their brains to that institution. In view of the confession by Harvard's faculty that they have been unable to find a truly educated man among collegians, would it not be well for our universities to ask for a few living brains?)

Breathes there a man who has the bean
To grasp the Hindoo dope on life?
Who chatters Sanskrit and is keen
To quote Confucius to his wife?

If so, bring forth the boob and tie
Fair Harvard's vine leaves in his hair,
For he's an educated guy
And, prenez-le-de-Harvard, rare.

Long has the University
O'er mental backwardness prevailed,
Now, as a knowledge-factory,
It somehow feels that it has failed.

Ec., Zoo., Lit., Math., and Metaphyz.
Make not an educated son;
What Harvard thinks a wise man is
You'll find above in stanza one.

Diogenes, with blazing can,
Gave all his lifetime to the stunt
Of tracking down an honest man;
He shuffled off while on the hunt.

Harvard, I fear, will fare the same,
But should she snare this highbrow bit,
As Reuben Goldberg might exclaim—
What is she gonna do with it?

D. L. Hanson and Bramley Kite.

About the middle of the week everyone around the Press Club was surprised and delighted to see D. L. Hanson in the house. He had not given us a visit for several years, and a lot of things had happened since he was financial secretary, just before he went away. He had all manner of questions to ask and a curious experience to tell about.

He lives near J. L. Pilling, which is near, or at, or something, the town of Athol or the town of Philipston, in the exceedingly commonwealth of Massachusetts. He is the only man now out of captivity who has visited Bramley Kite, in Bramley Kite Roost, which is where J. L. Pilling lives and part of which is what he

calls himself. It appears Hanson wandered up there and liked the country, and concluded he would buy a farm, and Pilling knew just the place that would be just the thing. Whereupon ensued a journey of investigation, an examination of the land and buildings, a fire in the woods and the most quaintly involved negotiation that ever was carried on this side of Massachusetts bay. Through its intricacies appeared the man who wanted to sell out, a country banker, Bramley Kite, an option for one hundred dollars that resolved itself into a commission when the place changed hands, and somehow got so elusive that nobody knows or will tell where it finally found itself, though suspicion points to the banker, and, seeing he is a banker, the suspicion is probably well founded. All Hanson knows is that he paid it, and then took it out of the purchase price, to the hot indignation of the vendor—which did the vendor no good at all. The one clear fact in the entire subject matted is that Pilling's land lies higher up than Hanson's, so that Pilling dreads on Hanson, and Hanson gets all the fertility that comes down with the drainage—an advantage which until now he has kept in the dark from Pilling. It took as long to tell the tale as it did to drive the bargain, and everybody in the hearing up on the eighth floor had a sore neck for laughter. Then Hanson went away again, and was not in any way certain when or whether he would come back.

Last Wednesday's Luncheon Hour.

Judge Girtlen had to explain to a large crowd Wednesday noon that Mr. Thompson had been ordered by his physician to stay home and be quiet because of a severe cold contracted Tuesday, that had seriously affected his static rheumatism; and that Mr. Sweitzer was unable to come to the Press Club that day because of the discovery of a previous engagement that could not be set aside. So Frank Sebring, who is one of Mr. Sweitzer's most active supporters, stood up in his place and told us why Mr. Sweitzer's friends expected to and should elect him mayor. The should part of it

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rested on his record as county clerk; and the expectation on inferences from the primary vote, and the assurance that the local democracy was behind Mr. Sweitzer in a solid phalanx.

Both candidates had previously addressed the Club, and then, as in many speeches since, they stated what they want to do in the mayoralty. The newspapers have been full of all that; and THE SCOOP need not repeat it. But when Frank Ayers got up to speak in behalf of Mr. Thompson he gave us a pretty little exhibition of rapier play. He accepted Mr. Sebring's statement about the local democracy, and asked how Mr. Sweitzer intended to work out a reform by the very party under whose undisputed rule those reforms were supposed to have become necessary, and what Mr. Sebring meant when he talked about the clean-up Mr. Sweitzer had made in the county clerk's office, since he had retained the two republican bureau heads who must have been responsible for the corruption he had found there, if any such corruption really had been found.

There was no argument, and the two speeches were entirely polite. The speakers were warmly and deservedly applauded.

This Dog Is an Aristocrat.

Little and charming Cherry White contributed one of the most attractive features to the Club's entertainment Saturday last by bringing up her beautiful collie, Nick. Nick is an aristocrat in the peerage of dogs. He is pure white, and as dignified, as unconscious of himself, as any dog could be and still remain a dog. He was frankly interested in all that he saw, was curious about the people, and indifferent to the animals that had the sun parlor under the big east window. He does not talk, he is too well bred to bark or whistle, but it's money to chalk marks he can read large print.

Economics Men Have Written Many Books.

Three full bookcases are necessary to hold the many volumes written by the members of the faculty of the Economics department of the University of Wisconsin, which will be placed on exhibition at the University of Wisconsin Exposition at Madison, March 25, 26 and 27. These books are largely the products of Professors Richard T. Ely, John R. Commons, E. A. Ross, and W. A. Scott.

He's Getting a Big Boy Now.

Tom Nelson, who stood behind the Press Club counter nine years, beginning in 1884, when he was in his

tenth year, wafted in last Monday and made himself known. He had not been in the Club since 1893, and was amazed at its growth and prosperity. He says he got his education by association with newspaper men—and there were none other than newspaper men in our membership those years. He is tall, middle-aged, and successfully afloat in vaudeville.

Concerning Egoists.

Charles Mackintosh writes this in his magazine, Logging, published in Duluth: "B. Mide, the mote-re-mover, came into my little Thinkum-Thinkorum the other day inquiring:

"Why are all writers such dingbusted Egoists?" I prest the button twice, indicating that they were not to dent the concrete steps with him on the way out; but he left me brooding. Now every single time I start to brood it's not ten minutes before an Idea is hatched out. And here's the Idea: The answer to our Critic's question is, of course, Because They Ain't. They only seem to be because they have more and better opportunity than the average mutt. All human beings and most of the inhuman ones are rank Egoists. Nature made them that way and meant them to stay put or she would have given them a mob mind and a communal soul. But writers have developed the means of expression, which gives them a big bulge on the bunch when it comes to getting their Egos across. And, naturally, the self-suppress Ego which thinks with its teeth and toe nails, conjures up the concept that the Writer is a distended bean entirely surrounded by hot air and self-esteem. Matter of fact, nobody knows the limitations of a Writer better than himself because he has to work with them."

Getting It Both Ways.

"Now, Johnny," said the small boy's father, "I don't want you to get into any quarrels with the boys at school."

"I never do. I start right in by telling them I'm neutral."

"And then I suppose they let you alone?"

"No, they don't. They all pick on me for not taking sides."

With whom would you prefer to spend eternity: Billy Sunday, or Pastor Russell?—Puck. How happy could we be with ether.

Connie Mack has given out a statement to the effect that he is strong for modern dancing as an aid to base-running. Somebody should invent a dance with a hook-slide in it. —Puck.



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F. W. POOLE, IN THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

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The love of a maid in a life of ease—that neither might toil nor spin.

The best that we got from our mother, we give—the last of our life and breath.

Then here's to our band—to the last we stand—The Volunteers of Death!

Ours to lead the vanguard far. Ours to clear the way. Ours to fight in the stealth of night or die in the honest day.

Ours to ride on the outer line where thousands in ambush lay.

Ours a life in the fields and lanes or a death on the broad highway.

Ours to soar in the vaulted blue where the monstrous airship sails.

Ours to swoop and strike it fair—and shame to him who quails.

A crash and a gleam—a shattered dream—swift death in the burning air—

'Tis but one life for a score and odd. My faith, then, the toll is fair!

Then here's to the hazard the morrow may bring! And here's to a day gone by—

The touch of a loved one's gentle hand—the glance of a tearful eye!

Others may win though we may lose—this life is but a breath—

Drink one last glass to each man's lass—and The Volunteers of Death!

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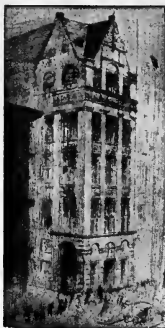
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